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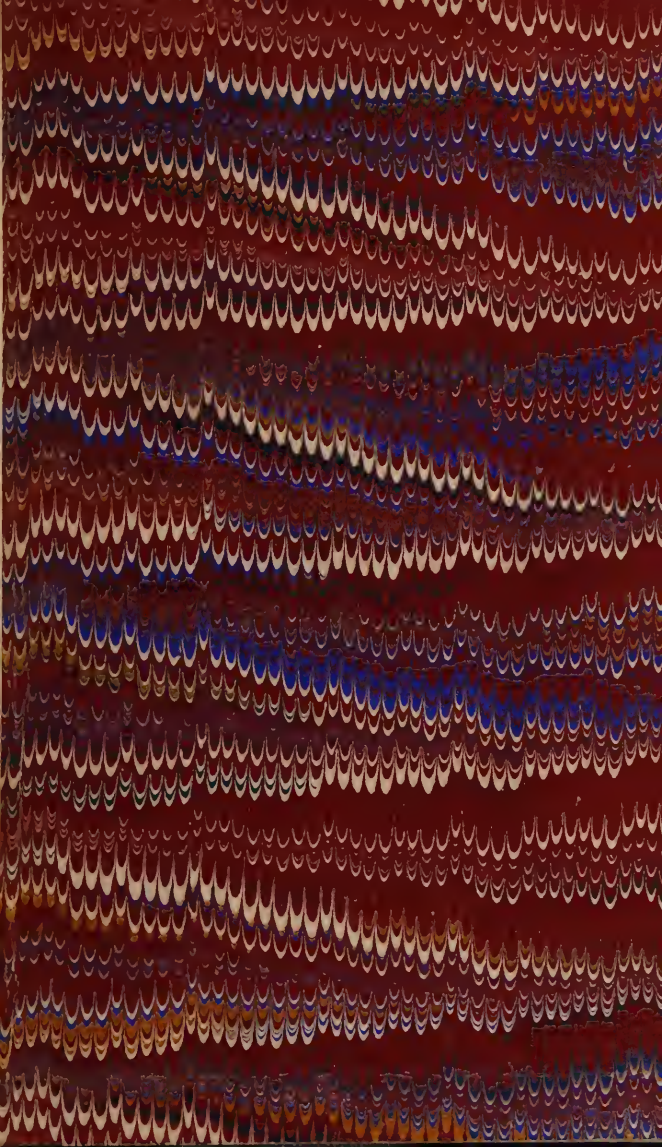
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Friendly Debate ;

O R,

A DIALOGUE,

Between

ACADEMICUS ;

And

SAWNY & MUNDUNGUS,

Two Eminent PHYSICIANS,

About some of their Late PERFORMANCES.

No since, we live in such a fulsome Age;
When Nonsense loads the Press, & choaks the Stage;
When Blockheads will claim Wit in Natures spight,
And ev'ry Dunce that Starves, presumes to write;
Exert your self ————— OTWAY.

B O S T O N : in N. E.

Printed in the Year, MDCCXXII.

Advertisement.

WHereas Dr. W. D. has lately published a *little vain Book, full of Cant and impropriety*; which yet in *Vanity* he may judge, would be acceptable to A. S. M. D. & F. R. S. These are to inform the Reader, that the said W. D. is a *Credulous and Whimsical Blade, a Madman and a Fool*; and his Account is full of **LYES and EQUIVOCATIONS**. And as a *Caution to him (who has been troublesome to Dr. A. S. with his trivial Credulous stories)* lest by his *Communications Home*, he may impose on our mother Country; he is to be advertised, that a true and faithful account of this Experiment so far as can be learnt, shall in due time be sent Home well voucht, and signed by some whose proper Business it is to make such Observations. Together with a short History, of all the **EXTRA-GROUNDLESS MACHINATIONS** that have been devised against it; the ill Language, and **BRUTAL MANNERS** it has been treated withal; together with the *Abuses and Scandals of some LATE PAMPHLETS* modestly **OBIATED**.

T O

my very Worthy Physician,

Mr. *ZABDIEL BOYLSTON*.

S I R,

I Know no Person so proper, to present the following Dialogue to as your Self. Such has been your undaunted Resolution, and truly Heroic Courage, thro' the whole Course of your dangerous Enterprize; and such your Conduct and Wisdom, as merit our highest Regards, and most public Thanks. To *You* under the Auspicious Providence of GOD, we are Indebted for the Blessing of INOCULATION; for you can claim the undivided Honour of Introducing it among us. And hadst not thou began it, perhaps, there would not have been found a Soul so truly great, as to have undertaken it. For this, Sir, I am bold to say, your Name shall be mention'd

ii The DEDICATION.

with Honour, whilst those Physicians, and others, who have signaliz'd themselves by their Malice and Opposition to you, shall be otherwise spoken of.

There is indeed little in this Debate, worthy of your Consideration : and I must confess it a folly, *to answer these Fools according to their folly* ; but, because they are *wise in their own conceit*, and that those that are blind with prejudice for their Writings, may (if possible) see the Vanity of them, and the injustice they have done your Self, as well as many Eminent and Superiour Persons among us.

I am,

Sir,

Your most Obedient Servant,

ACADEMICUS.

*Emusæo meo,
Feb. 25. 1721, 2.*



A Friendly Debate, &c.

AC. **P** Rithee, Sawny, Come hither, I want a little talk with thee.

Sa. *I'se come, Maister, what plaise ye Sar?*

AC. Good now, don't beat my Ears with such a course Dialect; I am not used to such Gibberidge; speak English.

Sa. *Maister, ye ken vary weel, that I canno spak English?*

AC. I see, thou wilt never leave thy old trade, Sawny.

Sa. *Ye mean Leasing, Maister.*

AC. Yes, I do mean in plain English, *Lying.*

Sa. *Why, Mon, co'd I spak Englis, wo'd I prent against EXTRAGROUDLESS Machinations?*

AC. I don't think, you can speak *true English*; But you have learnt *broad English*; and in *English* you shall talk to me.

Sa. *Indeed, Sar, I canno.*

AC. Indeed, Sir, you can; for you have had a liberal Education at *Billingsgate*; the only place in the World to learn *Broad English* at. You have also just now published a Libel, which is all *Broad English*; Therefore speak *English* to me; be it never so broad, I care not.

Sa. *Well then, to please you, Master DEMICUS, I'll treat you in English as well as I can; what would you have with me?*

AC. I would *debate* with you, about the Libel you have lately printed in the form of a Letter, I suppose, to Dr. ALEXANDER SANDILANDE; I pray, what did you intend by that Letter?

Sa.

Sa. I am a Man of Letters, and can write to my Friends and Betters, as well as any Man; and of them, and against them too, when I please; and would you have me wrap up my Talent in a Napkin? No, AC. to confess a Secret, I purpose to make the People know, I am a Learned Man, and a Master of a good Stile and Sense, as well as Medicine: And you know, the Practitioners of the Town, are Illiterate Numskulls, and depend upon their own Chimney Corner Improvements; while, I traffic to the Metropolis of Literature, and receive ample Communications from the very learned A. S. F. R. S. & M. D. — Surcly they'le think I'm somebody; And I shall run away with all the profit too. And if any Man is so brazenly impudent, as to whisper a good word for any Physician but my self, he shan't escape Scot-free: I'll be foul on him.

AC. Foul on 'em, Thou can't be otherwise. And I'll say that for you, and a Fig for you; thou art foul on 'em with a Witness. And I know also, thou art proud and vain enough. But if it be possible for you once in your Life, to speak a word of Truth, prithee, tell me, what you further designed by your Letter. It can't be to oppose the Inoculation of the Small Pox; for you expressly declare, Till after a few Years you shall pass no judgment on this Practice. And indeed this is the only Sentence that has so much as the least shadow of sense in it, for Sawny, you suspect, that within a few Months, you shall find the Ablest PHYSICIANS in England and all Europe, to approve the Practice, (which to your Confusion, we can assure you of already,) and that Persons of Quality, and great Numbers in the City and Suburbs, are saved by it; and then you hop'd to have an Hole to creep out of. But, Sawny, why must the World wait a few Years for that profound Judgment of yours, by which you think all Mankind must be determined. No; Sawny, there is not an AS in Europe, that thinks your Judgment worth hearing, much more, worth waiting a moment for. I tell you therefore, there was another Maggot in your addle pate, that gave you the Itch of Scribbling; and tho' we can all see what it was, yet I must have you Confess it.

Sa. Well then, Mr. DEMICUS, my design was, to ridicule

ridicule the Principal MINISTERS of Religion in the Town, and render their Ministry odious to the People: It is a thing I am strongly resolved upon; and I thought I had now got a pretty kind of an Handle for it.

AC. But why so, Sawny? Have these Good Men done you any Wrong? or has not thy Brother Mundungus sufficiently done it already?

Sa. *Yes; but they have been such Villains as to speak respectfully of Dr. BOYLSTON; a Man I can never endure; they have bestowed upon him, Quackish Characters high enough to make the most Celebrated Physician in England Blush. I vow to be revenged on them.*

AC. *Revenge may be sweet, Sawny, but it is not good; And had that Gentleman, whom you so disdain as a Cutter for the Stone, been also a Cutter for the Simples; thou, Sawny, shouldst have been his first, tho' I fear, an incurable Patient. A Gentleman of so much Skill and Success, as Dr. BOYLSTON is, ought to be Vindicated from your Abuses and Insults of him, in the News-Letter: especially, when he deserved so much of the SIX MINISTERS, and was so well known and so dear to them. But then, Sawny, you desir'd an Answer to a Case of Conscience; without which, perhaps, they would never have troubled you. And on this Occasion, they thought it highly became them, to rebuke your rude treatment of him, in alledging that to his Dishonour, which is so much his Glory and Recommendation; that nothing in You, can stand in Competition with it. But still, Sawny, thou hast not yet confessed all: Come, open thy pedling Budget; let me see the Bottom of it. This will never be accounted a sufficient reason, why you should treat our MINISTERS with so much Fury, disdain and petulancy.*

Sa. *Why then, I tell you plainly, I hate and abhor that Set of Men.——*

AC. Come, Sawny, I see I must add the rest; There is a Number in this Town, who are irreversibly resolved, to destroy the Religion of the Country; and the most effectual way to accomplish their resolve, is, to disaffect the People to their MINISTERS: and the Favourable Opinion they entertain of *Inoculation*, they think may be improved, as a proper Engine, to intrap the Inconside-

rate

rate People. And now nothing could put a better Gloss upon it, then to employ some of the PHYSICIANS as Tools to their accursed purpose. And accordingly you, Sawny, and your Brother, *Mundungus*, being Two Eminent PHYSICIANS, and having more *Impudence*, and as ye think; more *Learning*, than the rest, appear in the Front, to ridicule the PARSONS for their *Praying, Preaching, and Scribbling*, (as you term it:) and to invite the People, (that will be so silly as to dance after your *Scotch Bag pipes*) to condemn them; And so proud you seem of your Office, that you cannot write six Lines, before you *laugh*, or *grin* at them. So the Fox rides the Goose, the Goose the Ass. —

Sa. *Pray, who do you take to be the Goose Mr. Demicus?*

AC. A certain *Soland Goose*; thy own dear Self, *Sawny*; And tho' there be *Fifteen* of you on the Board, and but one *Monocular Fox*; yet he can make you move as he pleases. But it will be presently evident, that *Goose* is too Good a Name for you; I shall first show, what a *Knave* thou art; and then (which is an usual Favour of Heaven) what a *Fool* thou art, in the prosecution of thy Knavery.

Sa. *Knavery!*

AC. Yes *Knavery!* If *Lying, Impudence* and *Malice*; &c. will make a *Knave*; *Sawny*, of these thou art as full, as a what d'y'e call it, is of Poison. —

Sa. *Why, what Lyes have I told?*

AC. Innumerable! I'll single out a few *gross* ones in matters of *Fact*; and which *Sawny*, you very well knew, (or might do so) when you wrote them.

Sa. *What's one, I pray?*

AC. You say, Dr. MATHER sent *Circular Letters* to ALL the Practitioners of the Town, (the Owner of the Transactions excepted) inviting them to come into the Practice of Inoculating the Small-Pox. Here's not only one, but two or three compleat Lyes; a finisht Sentence, which none but you could have spoke!

Sa. *Why, you won't say so?*

AC. Yes, *Sawny*, I say so, and will prove it too. As to the first part, h.e. that Dr. MATHER sent *Circular Letters* to ALL the Practitioners of the Town (the Owner of

of the *Transactions* excepted.) Dr. MATHER did indeed send, *A Letter to the Physicians in the City of Boston*, and directed it to One of them, a Worthy Schoolmaster, (whom we did not reproach for going out of his Line for practising Physick.) This he desired to be communicated to them; and, Sawny, your honourable Name was particularly inserted, and principally in the Direction. But he never sent a particular or separate Epistle to *Ev'ry One*, as you must mean, or otherwise exclude your self from the Number of *Prattitioners*. Indeed, he wrote a *separate Note* to one or two, but no more; with another Copy of his Letter to you, for fear they should be overlook'd among them. Besides, Sawny, this *General Letter* it self was not directed to ALL, there was *some* he had no thoughts of, as he told the Person by whom he desir'd it might be Communicated.

Sa. *Why, Mr. Demicus, you make of it, what we of the Learned call, a Complicated Lye: — You seem to discover two Lyes in One. —*

AC. But now for the other Sentence, (*The Owner of the Transactions excepted;*) Truth! it is somewhat hard, that the Dr. should affront your honour so much, as to direct the Letter to any but your self, when you know there is not a Physician in the Town, that ought to be named the same Day with you. But however, Master Sawny, he inserted your Name in particular; and desired expressly, that they would not forget YOU. And notwithstanding you are so given over to *Lying*, and so brazen in it, as to say over again, that the DOCTORS *Probity* in his Abrogement could not be concluded from his Addressing it to those who had the *Original* in their Hands; For say you the Truth is, he sent his *Abstract* to all the Noted Physicians in the Town, but not to the Owner of the *Philosophical Transactions*, and then cry out *Prob Fides!* Ah Sawny, *Prob Fides* sure enough! But now for t'other Passage; You say Dr. MATHER, invited them to come into the *Practice of Inoculating the Small-Pox*. And before this in the News-Letter, He applied to the *Prattitioners of the Place*, to put this far fetcht, and not well voucht Method into Practice. But to see how far all this is true, I'll recite the Conclusion of his *Address* to the PHYSICIANS; wherein the World may see his unspotted Innocence, and uncommon Charity. “I will only say (writes the DOCTOR)

& that inasfinuch as the practice of suffering the Small-Pox
 in the way of *Inoculation*, has never yet, as far as I have
 heard, been introduced into our Nation where there are
 so many that would give great Sums to have their Lives
 ensured for an Escape from the Dangers of this dreadful
 Distemper; nor has ever any one in *America*, ever yet
 made the tryal of it, (tho' we have several *Africans* a-
 mong us, as I now find, who tryed it in their own
 Country,) *I cannot but* move, that it be WARILY pro-
 ceeded in. I durst not yet engage that, the *Success* of
 the Tryal here will be the same that has hitherto been
 in the other Hemisphere: But I am very confident, no
 Person would miscarry in it, but what would most cer-
 tainly have miscarried upon taking the Contagion the
 Common Way: And I would *humbly Advise*, that it be
 never made but under the management of a Skilful PHY-
 SICIAN, who will wisely *prepare the Body* for it, before
 he performs the Operation. *Gentlemen*, My request is,
 That you would meet for a *Consultation* upon this Occa-
 sion, and so deliberate upon it, that whoever first begins
 the practice, (if you Approve it should be begun at all)
 may have the countenance of his worthy Brethren to for-
 tify him in it.

June 6. 1721.

Now could any thing possibly be more candid and modest,
 than this *Address*? with what Conscience then do you
 intimate that he *urged* you; when he desires it should be
 warily proceeded in, and leaves it intirely to your *Consul-*
tation, whether it should be begun at all. And what is
 their in it could disturb you? May not a DIVINE who
 has (it may be) read more in *Physic* than any of you, sug-
 gest modestly to your Lordships, his Thoughts on a matter
 of *Public Concern*, without being so superciliously treated,
 as this worthy Gentleman has been?

Sa. *Why*; Demi-, 'Twas a Scandalum magnatum; Such
 Ignoramus's as he must not presume to Advise those of our
 Faculty; let such Blockheads as he, and the Parsons keep
 to their Text.

AC. 'Tis well Sawny, only to humble thee by the way,
 'twould have been much for thy Credit, if thou hadst been
 advising with several Good Old Women, we have among
 us, how to manage the Small-Pox in the Common Way,
 whilst thou Opposed *Inoculation*; many a Life might have
 been

been saved if thou hadst. But what was the *Principle*, do you think that acted the DOCTOR in his humbly Petitioning of you to meet, and *Consult* about it ? He could have no personal Gain in View.

Sa. *Why I sometimes own he is a Learned Gentleman, and what he did was out of a Pious & Charitable design to do Good ; But now I say he is a Man of Whim, and Credulity ; and he thinks this juncture a fit Opportunity, to make Experiments upon his Neighbours, which he in Vanity judgeth will be Acceptable to the Royal Society.*

AC. Why ; he imposeth Nothing upon his Neighbours ; he has only given them an *Abstract* of the Accounts of this Method of Transplanting the *Small-Pox*, which are in the *Philosophical Transactions* ; and leaves them to their Liberty.

Sa. *But his Abstract is unfaithful, and the Account being in Latin, which his Neighbours don't understand, they must pin their Faith upon his Sleeve.*

AC. Yes, I know you *Sawny*, and your Brethren, are ready enough, to say it is *unfaithful* ; and to swear *point Blank* against it too, or any thing else that makes for *Inoculation*. But I shall believe it is a most *Faithful Abstract*, till you shew me some *instances* to the Contrary.

Sa. *Well, I'll give a notorious one. Dr. TIMONIUS reports ; At first the more prudent were Cautious ; But Dr. MATHER says, At first the People were Cautious. What a vile Falsity is this ?*

AC. Thou art mad, *Sawny*. You have forgot which side of the Hedge you are of ; for if the *People* were Cautious, most Indubitably the *Prudent*, which are comprehended under the General Term (*People*) were Cautious. Hast thou no more to say ?

Sa. *Yes ; the words of PYLARINUS are, TURCÆ HANC NEGLEXERUNT HUCUSQUE, which he translates, The Turks do not much come into it ; whereas it should be, the Turks had not at all come into it.*

AC. Then by the way, what shameless wretches are you, *Sawny*, and your Friends, to insult us in print too, that it was first practised by the *Turks*, and that we fetch it from the *Mussulmen* ? Besides, *Sawny*, In the Copy of the Letter, which the DOCTOR sent your Unworthiness, his words are, *The Turks do not yet come into it* : and how the word *much* came to be printed, I believe he cannot tell.

Sa. *But he is so wicked as to translate, nil funesti, no ill Consequence.*

AC. O Abominable ! But, Sawny, he was giving a *Short Abstract*, and did not pretend a precise *Translation*. Yet, even here it is truer than yours. Tho' 'tis very probable that a Gentleman, who has published so many things in the *Latin Tongue*, wants a little of your Instruction : Especially since *Mundungus* too (a Fellow who 'tis well known, could not spell a Common English word ; (no not *Tobacco* if it were to save his Life, tho' for the word *Pilfer* I will not say,) has found out that, Dr. MATHER wants *Grammar Learning*. However, I hope, when you have taught him *Latin*, and your Brother has taught him *Grammar* and *Syllogisms* ; (as he pretends to do) he may be something of a *Scholar* at last. But go on.

Sa. *He partially Omits every thing, that seems not to favour the project.*

AC. Well done, Sawny ! but produce an instance.

Sa. *He doth not tell us that, TIMONIUS mentions the Inoculation at a Time, when it was so mortal, that half the Infected dyed.*

AC. That's a *Lye*, Sawny ; he expressly tells us so.

Sa. *You deal too sharply with me, Mr. Demicus.*

AC. No. A *Spade is a Spade* ; and a *Lye is a Lye*. And hadst thou read, and studied the *Bible*, as much as *Hudibras* ; perhaps thou wouldst have remembred that, *Lyars are to be sharply rebuked*. However, *Ly on*. As for his omitting a long story, which you say could be with *no good Design* : I believe, it could not possibly be with any *ill Design* ; for most certainly you would have discovered, and published it : Nor is there the least Passage in the Story, that makes (as you say) against *Inoculation*. The reason for which the DOCTOR omitted it was only *this*, Sawny, he purposed only an *Abstract*, and was not such an *Idiot*, as to think that ev'ry word of a *long Original* ought to be inserted in an *Abstract*. But *Lye on*.

Sa. *He says nothing of the two Children.*

AC. Sawny, the *Whetstone* is now thine against the World ; if he hath said nothing, thou hast, I am sure, said something to your purpose ; viz. *Two Children three Years Old, died Sometime after Eruption FROM INOCULATION*. And from thence insinuate that Dr. MATHERS *Abstract* is defective.

tive. But *Sawny*, if it should be found that Dr. TIMONIUS never said any such thing, but expressly declares the *reverse*, what would the World think of you ? *This* is the real Truth. That Great Man did indeed say, they reported such a thing, but they can *lye* at *Constantinople* too, tho' perhaps not so well, nor fast as you can here ; and the DOCTOR took the pains (he says) to go to the Houses, and inform himself, and he found the report absolutely false.

Sa. *Then poor Sawny, must knock under.*

AC. Well, this is matter of Fact. And Dr. BOYLSTON and his Friends therefore, desired most importunately and in print too of you *Sawny*, to publish at large the Account of TIMONIUS in the *Phil. Transf.* But you would not be prevailed upon ; suspecting that your *Lying* would be detected. And yet——Ah ! thou needest a *gude Memory*, *Sawny*, now you your own *gude self*, in your own Letter, do expressly own that, TIMONIUS found them to dye of *other Distempers* ; and in another place, that Dr. TIMONIUS says, *None that ever used it, died of the Small-Pox.* Tho' you are not so honest, as to relate *half he says*, while you are in the very midst of your Exclamations against Dr. MATHER for not inserting *All*, as you know, ev'ry *Abstrador* ought to do.

Sa. *I must acknowledge, my true reason for keeping my Transactions in bugger mugger was an hope, that no o'ber Copy would come into the Country, and so I might pass undetected ; But I know how, (tho' I can laugh at Conscience keeping) to pretend Conscience on an Occasion, and so I have expressly told you that, I could not comply with their WICKED DESIRES (in Capitals for fear you should not sufficiently regard it.) I had more regard to the Lives of my Neighbours, than to bring them into a Snare. My CONSCIENCE could never give way to such a thing.*

AC. *Sawny*, take heed, Art thou aware of what thou saist. Thou art the *veriest fool* in the World, and those that have the *least Wit*, will chuse thee for an Officer of the first Rank and Dignity : For *Sawny*, If the desiring to have Dr. TIMONIUS's Account Reprinted be WICKED, then the *first Printing* of it, must also be WICKED. But hast thou no more *Sense* and *Manners* than to treat, the Great Dr. HALLEY so impudently, and all the Royal Society,

Society, by whose Direction and Allowance he publishes the *Transactions*, as to call them a Set of *Wicked Men*. When you send a Second Letter to Dr. SANDILANDE, prithee, let it be in such Terms as these.

Dear Sir,

I Apprehend my self Qualified to instruct the whole World; and I earnestly desire of you, my Friend, at the next Meeting of the ROYAL SOCIETY, to complain of that Whimsical and Credulous Man Dr. HALLEY, for publishing the Communications of Dr. TIMONIUS and PYLARINUS; and remonstrate unto them that, they are a Wicked Crew for doing it. I know there were lately among you, Two Dukes, Six Earls, Ten Lords, Ten Knights, Nine Doctors of Divinity, One Archbishop and Five Bishops: But it is no matter, they have countenanced a Wicked Practice, to bring the Lives of People into a Snare. For my own part, I'm bound in Conscience to Appear Against them. — But Sir, when I send my True and Faithful Account of this Experiment, I shall be fuller in my Sentiments on these Points.

Yare awn Mon,

MISAGATHOS.

But, Sawny, this Business must not go over so. Prithee tell me, whether the *Levant Communications* encourage the *Inoculation*, or no; If they encourage it, then Dr. MATHERS *Abstract* is blameless. And if you are between Hawk and Buzzard, why were you so bold as to Assert that, if our Wicked Desires were gratified, they would bring the Lives of People into a Snare: But if they discourage it, what reigning Wickedness are you possessed withal, that you refuse to keep the Lives of People out of a Snare, by publishing these Writings? The Horns of this Dilemma are as bad as a Scotch-horning upon thee. — But Sawny, our Wicked Desires are answered; The Political State for the Month of August, has given us Dr. TIMONIUS out of the *Transactions*, without being beholden to you for them.

Sa. Well, I hope, you have no more to charge upon me.

AC.

AC. I'll take but a few more of thy Lyes in the Order I find them in thy confused rapsody. Why, Sawny, do you say that, the *Winter Season is the only Season recommended by their Authors*; and Over again, *the Winter Season is the only Season prescribed by their Authors*. Whereas they both of them expressly commend and prescribe the *Spring*, and you your self knew it, for you declared so in your *July-Libel*. O BRASS! How could you say that, *Some of the Inoculated Africans here, have had the Distemper in the Common way*. Only you think you may say any thing. O COPPER! Again you say, *You have at length in two of their Books, a silly story, or familiar interview, and conversation between two black (Negro) Gentlemen, and a couple of the Reverend Promoters*; and you add, *Oh rare farce!* Now where are those two Books: you certainly see DOUBLE, Sawny. O Iron! And then, that Lye of yours, that *Many of the Inoculated have dyed Incognito*: You repeat this; and truly, Sawny, I observe you love a Lye so well, when you make it, that if it be a Swinger, you will not fail to repeat it. *This chewing the Cud, why so sweet, Sawny?* But then Sawny, what a graduated Liar art thou to declare, *That this Method had been among the Learned, universally known in England above twenty Years, but being deemed wicked and felonious was never practis'd there*; when the famous Dr. HARRIS, one whose Books you are not worthy to carry after him, has declared that the first Communication of it unto the Learned there, was from Dr. TIMONIUS about Six or Seven Years ago; surely thou wast Lying for a Wager; and I protest, thou hast won Sawny!

Sa. *Indeed Mr. Ac, too much of one thing is good for nothing; I wish you would have done.*

AC. I perceive then, you are much of the Fellows mind, whose plea to his Indictment was; *My Lord, I perceive 'tis a dirty Business, and I desire to bear no more on't*. I declare also, I am weary too, and I know not when I should have done, were I to detect thee in all thy fudging.——But what has been said, is a sufficient Specimen of thy Faculty: and enough to make thee proverbially a LYAR. Thou hast won K. JAMES Horse, mount, Sawny, and gang thy gate.——But stay, I can't let you go yet.

Sa. *More still?*

AC.

AC. Yes ; *more still*. I thought I had wholly done with your *Veracity* ; but I cannot pass by one instance more, which has in it a Complication of such baseness, and blackness that none but *you*, could have been guilty of it.

Sa. *Phthrow ! Its Impossible.*

AC. Ah truly, one would have thought so, but yet so it is—— The Venerable Dr. INCREASE MATHER having said, that *Inoculation* of the *Small Pox* began the last Summer to be Approved and Practised in *England* with Success, You fly out, *this is either a Dream, Second Sight, or a contrived Story*; when the *Public Prints* from *London*, do expressly speak of it as a *SAFE & UNIVERSALLY USEFUL* thing. Thou hast no *Second Sight*; *Sawny*, but art *stark blind*; and as for *contrived Stories* thy own Brain is most pregnant; and in this, thou art so truly fertile that thou canst give us no other. Of the *same Kidney* are your Brethren, who t'other Day when that Passage in the *London Mercury* was reprinted; that *Great Numbers in the City and Suburbs are under the Inoculation of the Small-Pox*; they were so hardy as to deny it, and assert it to be the *Invention of some busy Inoculator*. And yet forced anon to come off with owning, *we were Imposed on*.—— But this *Lye* of yours is so Impudent, I cannot pass it without some reflection upon it. Thy face, *Sawny*, is *trebly brass'd* or you could never have had the Countenance to deny so *manifest a matter of fact*; And now had you the least grain of sense, and good breading in you, you would *hang your Lugs*, and beg the Gentlemans Pardon. *Sawny*, hast thou forgot, or didst thou never read, *Lev. XIX. 32. Thou shalt honour the face of the old Man, and fear thy GOD*. This Gentleman is a Venerable Servant of GOD; and for above threescore Years, has preached the Gospel, and been Greatly and Justly admired: He has been received with great respect into the *Courts*, and very *Closets* of Crowned heads: And has also had great Esteem in the renowned Church of *Scotland*; which I suppose you *Sawny*, who complain of the *Worship where the Prayers are left to the Parsons direction*, do not much affect. And yet with what petulancy, do you treat him? *Sawny*, ' Never did any body but you accuse him so publicly of *Falshood*, and yet 'tis impossible to forge a more unjust Accusation; and to conclude all, you would have him

him to puzzle himself in *Cases of Conscience*, tho' you and your Brother *Mundungus* too rail at him, for meddling with a *Case of Conscience* at the same time. Thou *Sawny*, art a good Lad, and very finely brought up, I profess.

Sa. *But tho' you wont allow me to treat the Father as an old Fool, I hope, you will permit me to play upon the Son as a Young one.*

AC. Yes; By all means! Especially since he has been above Forty Years a Celebrated Preacher,, and has been so acknowledged by *Foreign Universities*, as no *American* ever was before him, and justly merited the Honour of being a *Member* of the ROYAL SOCIETY; when thou, *Sawny*, can't spell the Word *Philosophy*, nor contrive the word **Hades*, tho' thou hast sent so many People thither.

Sa. *I vow, I can't but hate him for all!*

AC. But, why *Sawny*? I doubt there is *muckle Deel* in the Business.

Sa. *Think you so?*

AC. I have known a Man, *Sawny*, that could not boast of more malice and spite against this Gentleman, than your self; but when he lay upon his Death-Bed, his ghastly Countenance, and rolling Eyes spoke the Horror of his Conscience, and he expressed an intolerable uneasiness, and most passionately desired to speak with the DOCTOR: when the DOCTOR came, he declared with all the regret imaginable that he had abused him, and spoke most maliciously of him, and he ardently implored his pardon; Adding that, he had no other reason, but *Because he saw he did so much Good.*—

Sa. *But I cannot but hate him still, whatever it cost me; Why does he not answer the things, which we are ever now and then printing against him?*

AC. *Sawny*, he scorns it. You are but silly croaking reptiles; and it would be loss of time to meddle with you, when now he employs his Pen upon things which will be lasting Testimonies of his *Ability* and *Piety*, when you are rotten in a silent Oblivion. Besides, in his ESSAY TO SHAKE OFF A VIPER; he has effectually answered you. It will shake off a Thousand of you.—But then *Sawny*? your impudent and supercilious Treatment of your own Two Excellent Pastors, this is without Parallel!

Sa. *I don't like their whining Preaching, I can't profit by their canting Ministry.*

AC. More shame for you, Sawny! You are *lifted up to Heaven*, in the enjoyment of them; but whither art thou casting thy self down? All Men of Sense admire their Administrations, and judge them to be Men of shining Abilities.

Sa. *But, if they go to take Pen in hand, what they write is full of Cant, Impropriety, and EXTRAGROUNDLESS Machinations.*

AC. The Sense and Style with which they write; for ever charm all Competent Judges.

Sa. *But, Parson COLMAN does write silly Stories, and Contradictions; for which his Lucubrations or Night-Labours occasioning him a great cold, must be some Apology, or else we must put a worse construction upon it.— 'Tis a little vain Book that he has Written.—*

AC. What dost thou mean, Sawny, by thy Metaphysical Distinction between *Lucubrations, & Night Labours*?— But if that Valuable Gentleman was only indisposed with a Cold, he would not venture himself into thy Hands for his Cure; he had rather take all thy railing, than any Physic of thee I believe.

Sa. *But Parson COLMAN is too Saucy; he has a saucy imputation on the useful improvements in Physick, (to understand the Small-Pox) within these Forty three Years by Dr. SYDENHAM. He has committed many Physical Blunders, but it matters not if he has betrayed his ignorance therein, he writes with another design per fus et nefos at any rate, to perswade to Inoculation.*

AC. As to his *Physical Blunders*, you can't instance in one of them, except you think to avoid any appearance to seem learned in Physic is a blunder: and that he ought to have talkt like an Apothecary as you do. But your *Physical Blunders* are numberless; at present I'll only put you in mind, how you betray your ignorance in the *Chronology of Physic*; Ev'ry body but you, Sawny, knows that Dr. SYDENHAM's Writings were published more than three & forty Years ago.

Sa. *But there is Parson COLMAN'S Colleague, a Young Conscience keeper! he declares his Judgment, that if a Man should use a remedy for the preservation of his Life, which*

has been commonly successful, but it pleases GOD now to deny his Blessing to it, and the Man miscarries, he may yet have the Comfort of dying in his Duty. Have not I cause to cry out now in Capitals, O IMPIETY !

AC. No, Sawny, but I have to cry out, O STUPIDITY ! Either all Common Sense is banisht the World, or thou must be hiss't out of all humane Conversation. None but you ever questioned Mr. COOPER's Assertion. What ! if any of your Medicines happen to prove unsuccessful, (and ah, Sawny, how few of them prove otherwise ?) would you charge your *Patients* with *impiety* for receiving of them, and your self also for giving of them. Mr. COOPER tells you of some that have died by taking a *Vomit*, and drawing a *Tooth* ; now had these any reason to dye with the horror of *Self-Murderers* in their minds ; or must only they dye so, that have not the Happiness to dye under your unskilful Hands. You, Sawny, also commend a *Salivation* as a proper *Succedaneum* to the genuine *Small Pox* ; but how many have dyed by a *Salivation* ?— And then your Insolent Fling of a YOUNG Conscience-Keeper, Sawny, hadst thou any Conscience at work at all, thou couldst not have been guilty of such a profanity. Thy Father *Ishmael* is a Saint to thee.

Sa. *But the Young Inoculating Parson ought to be charg'd with Impiety, and my Brother Mundungus too, thinks he is defective in his Morals.*

AC. A Sweet pair of Brethren are You ! were you shaken in a Bag together, Sawny, 'twould be hard to tell which would come out first. But methinks, you are very unlucky in your Epithet. This Gentleman has been noted for his *Piety*, and good Conscience from his Childhood ; and I am confident besides you two, there is not one thinks otherwise. And now Sawny, the staling of two such skunks at him as ye are, leave no scent upon him. But, Sawny, thy malice against him, and all other Good Men is wonderful !

Sa. *Malice I trow ! No, I have told you that I am one of a PUBLIC SPIRIT, and ONE WHO ENDEAVOURS THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE, and for fear you should overlook it, or question it, I have told it you in CAPITALS.*

AC. Sawny, hadst thou thy Deserts, we should see something in *Capitals* on thy Breast— Thy own Pamphlet expos'd as a Bib there, with an ENDEAVOUR FOR THE

GOOD OF THE PEOPLE, were enough, — So great and inveterate is thy Malice. Besides the Passages already touch'd upon, I'll single out a few *instances*, which are obvious to ev'ry Reader, as a *Specimen*. I pass by your Malice against Dr. MATHER, and only remark, that *You* and a few more such as you are, have almost made it a proverb among sober Persons, when they speak of that Gentleman to say; *The Devil has a great spite at that Good Man*. Only I cannot but observe one odd expression of your malice to him; you say (for that is the true state of the Case) that if two or three Men should be depos'd; that, they *heard a man* say, that *somebody told* him, that he *heard a Report*, that Dr. MATHER had been guilty of a *Felonious Action*; and then a *French Brother* of your Faculty, famous for all ——— should swear to it: you declare that it should be *worth his Neck*, in any Court of Justice, where you should be *Foreman* of the Jury. —

Sa. *Yea; marry do I say so.* (aside.)

AC. But stay, *Sawny*, that *Lark-time* is not come yet; But thy Crew may use a more *Sulphurous* way to dispatch him, for ought I know. In the mean time, *art not thou out of thy LINE, Sawny?* To proceed; what but malice could inspire you to move that, Dr. BOYLSTON should be brought upon his Tryal for his Life, as your Bloody Brother, and constant Friend *Mundungus* also does; whose Soul most certainly, if ever one Soul acted two Bodies, has a full possession of yours. You say, you would indite him for *poisoning*, and *spreading Infection*; which you say is by the penal Laws of *England*, a *Felony*. And you add, *Inoculation* falls in with the *first without Contradiction*. Now *Sawny*, be not angry, if we poor Scholars, that must sit at the feet of such a *Gamaliel*, presume to Contradict you. You know, *Sawny*, that in *England* 'tis a very common thing to carry Children into the Infected Chambers, on purpose to give them the *Small-Pox*; because they judge their Childhood the best Time for them to have it in. But was ever such a *Spreading the Infection*, prosecuted as a *Felony*? And is not *Inoculation* less dangerous and poisoning than this?

Sa. *Ay; but here's the giving of a poison Mr. Demicus!*

AC. Then, *Sawny*, all *Medicines* that have *Poison* in them, if you give them, you incur the Guilt of *Felony*.
What!

What ! doth a PHYSICIAN talk so ? Ah ! *Sawny*, if your Doctrine were to be proceeded upon, how soon should we see *thee within thy LINE* ?

Sa. *But I say, Inoculation is a Felonious poisoning !*

AC. Then what a *Murderer* are you, who have *privately* declared so often in Favour of it ; and *publickly* said you should *pass no positive judgment* on the practice ; tho' methinks, thou art pretty positive it is a *Felony*, and that the Physicians ought to be hanged for it !

Sa. *I would not have any Body hanged, but Dr. BOYLSTON, and the INOCULATING PARSONS, that have spoke respectfully of him.*

AC. Nay, *Sawny*, thy *malice* goes a little farther than so ; for thou hast an Abominable Flout upon the JUDICIOUS MAGISTRATES, who you say are in the *Humour of Inoculation*, i. e. in a *Felonious* humour, of abetting and countenancing a thing, they ought to be hanged for : Unparallel'd impudence ! Pray, *Sawny*, let us make a pause, and put a Case a Little : The same Case that was lately published by him that you call, the Old *Second-Sighted Parson*. ' Suppose a Young Fellow should go from *New-England* to *Scotland*, to practice Physic ; and ' being a meer Stranger, the MINISTERS should cherish him, and bring him into Credit ; And then, suppose he ' should publish *bitter invectives*, and scoffing *Satyrs* against these Eminent MINISTERS, just such as you ' *Sawny*, have against our MINISTERS here : And then ' laugh at the People, for thinking them worthy to be ' consulted in *Cases of Conscience*, &c. as you have done ' ours, and propose their *banishment*, or *Indictment for Felony* ; and if the MAGISTRATES don't take Law ' of them, to scoff at them as *Judicious Coxcombs*. I say, ' *Sawny*, in *Scotland*, which is a very well govern'd Country, how would the poor *New-Englander* be dealt withal ? ' I don't ask, whither the Government would send him ; ' *ken yee a Tolbooth, Sawny* ? But I ask, how would the ' People that love their MINISTERS treat him. — But to proceed with your *Malice*. You propose that it is best for the *Inoculates* to convert their *Incisions* into *Issues*, and so *continue them*. This looks specious, and at first one would think you were giving good *Advice* : But then you propose, that if any of these be found in a *Country Town*, with

with their Issues running on them (from whence by the way it was never yet known that any Infection was communicated) the Discipline for MAD DOGS should be inflicted upon them. We know, *Sawny*, what Discipline you are for : tho' we have no *Dogs* in this Country, so *mad* as you are. I have not *Malice* enough in me to wish thee a Taste, *Perillus*, of thy own Proposal. Our good People bear with the Impudence of *malepert Strangers*, as no other People do ; if they were not so very tame under their Insults ; Thou *Sawny*, would not pass the Streets, without the Boys crying after thee, O BRASS ! O BRASS !

Sa. *Why, if the English People are angry, when a Sc——n treats them so ; I'll charge them with High Treason, as well as Felony.*

AC. Ha ! ha ! he.——But *Sawny*, There comes a pang of Devotion upon thee, the only one in all thy Letter ; thou saist, *I desire to be thankful to GOD for the late Death's of several Inoculated.* Methinks ! this sounds a little *maliciously*.

Sa. *'Tis because it seems to put a stop to the Career.*

AC. You mean the *Career* of saving the Lives of poor People. But, *Sawny*, of those Six or Seven that have died *after Inoculation*, out of about near Three Hundred that have been Inoculated, you can't name one that died truly *of it* ; if the Circumstances, and Occasions of their Death were told, (too long to be inserted here, but it will be done, *Sawny*) it would prove a real Service, to the progress of the *Career*, you bestow your Curses on. As to *two*, which your *party* Clamour about, an ordinary Course of such *Physic* as you would have prescribed, would have had the same effect upon them. This method, *Sawny*, has been so universally Successful, that none but such as are ignorant or malicious as you are, have questioned it.

Sa. Ignorant, *Mr.——micus* ! I hope you won't charge me with Ignorance.

AC. Yes, *Sawny*, of all the Pretenders to *Physick*, that ever wrote, there has none betrayed so much Ignorance. Thy *Physical Blunders* are innumerable !

Sa. *Why ; you won't say so !*

AC. Yes, *Sawny*, I do ; and tho' I am no *Physician*, I can convict you of them, — But I'll single out but two, or three of them to cut thy Comb for thee. In your *first Li-*
bel

bel you rail at Dr. BOYLESTON, for propagating the *Infection of the Small-Pox*, and in a few lines after say, *the Inoculation produces nothing analogous to the Small-Pox*: here is ignorance and inconsistency too! And then you learnedly Compare it, to the receiving the Oil of Tobacco into the mass of *Blood*, which you say may be received by the *Stomach* or *Lungs* without any prejudice. In your last Libel, you talk like an Apothecary, and learnedly tell us that, *all Constitution Distempers have some Idea, in ev'ry drop of our Juices, and so other Chronical distempers from the Person from whom the pocky matter is received are communicated unto the Person Inoculated*. But Sawny, I suppose it will convey the *Toothach* too. And if the *Pus* was taken from you, Sawny, I fear the Person would be Inoculated with *Lyes, Malice, Ignorance*; for all thy juices are filled with the Idea's of them. And then, (for thou art a mighty Self-consistent Spark Sawny) you afterwards learnedly propose, that *Inoculation* (which you have all along represented, as *Infecting the whole Body* with all imaginable *Venom*) may be ordered by *Act of Parliament* as an *Adequate Succedaneum* to the *Genuine Small-Pox* to purify the *Blood* from the remaining feculency. Was there ever such a Blockhead? But I'll supersede the other Discoveries of your Skill, with the mention of but two more.

You say that, *Whatever ails the Inoculated in the after course of their Lives, may be subject to; the Blame will be laid on their former Inoculation*. Here's ignorance and malice too. If they have ever taken any Physic of thee Sawny, they would have a much better Cause to lay it to. How very Prodigal of their lives must the People be, that will venture them in the hands of such a woful Physician!

And there is one Instance of thy Superlative skill, Sawny, that is very notorious. I have often enough heard thee ridicul'd for it. When the Patients are in the *utmost danger* thou see'st nothing of it; nor sayest any thing to prepare their Friends for it; yea, when they are actually dying and within two or three hours of Death, thou bearest their Friends in hand, *that there's no such matter*. There are many can tell enough of thy performances this way. —

Sa. You can't mean me, Mr. Demicus. For Dr. MATHER, and Parson COLMAN too, have recommended me to the Esteem of the People.

Enter

AC. Yes, *Sawny*, you came recommended to *them*, and they were so Credulous (as you call them) to hope well, and speak well of you. But you were so well known, they could procure you little practise, and accordingly you took a Voyage, but soon returned; where at last by their means you got a *little Credit*. However, but little notice was taken of you, till your *Opposition to Inoculation*, made you famous. And yet, you were one of the most unsuccessful PHYSICIANS in the Town. When there dyed above 700 People in this Town within three Months, how many were your unhappy *Patients*? Though at the same Time, GOD was pleased to Succeed Dr. BOYLESTON to a wonderful degree, in his Patients that laboured under the *Common Infection*, besides those of *Inoculation*. And *Sawny*, are you not ashamed now, to treat the Gentlemen that took such pains to introduce you into all your *practise*, like a warmed *Rattlesnake*. I hope such a Monster of Ingratitude, will warn them from being too Credulous in encouraging Strangers.

Sa. *I hate to hear any more of this, I impatiently wait for some further Accounts from London.*

AC. But if the Accounts be not just as you would have them, You'l say they are a *a Contrived Story of some Inoculating Parson; A Dream; or Second Sight*. However, we have very full Accounts from *London*; especially in a Book of Dr. HARRIS's, an *Abstract* from which has been lately published by Dr INCREASE MATHER, what would you have more? If you were a Lump of *Brass*, *Sawny*, you must blush at what this great Man has written so directly contrary to you. But I am weary with talking with you, except thy Brother *Mundungus*, I know not another such conceited & lying Coxcomb in the World.

Sa. *Nay; you have highly affronted me, in yoking me with such a sorry Fellow.*

AC. *Neither a barrel, a better herring*: And you doubtless must have a peculiar respect and veneration for him, or you would never have quoted him as you do. Why, he's the only *living Author* you quote, *Sawny*.

Enter *Mundungus*.

AC. As sure as can be, *Sawny*, our old Proverb— *Never nigher than when you are talking of him*. Hoh! *Mundungus*! we wert just a talking of you; prithee, sit down. But look ye, *Mundungus*, if you don't *speak*, as you *spell*, I won't hear a word you say.

Mun.

Mun. Sur, I will doe as weele as I kan.

AC. Well, what is it you come hither for?

Mun. I cum to tℙell my brethar Sonni, that he is a foule.

AC. Why so, Mundungus?

Mun. Becas he is so fouleche as to specke for bcomain Invenecions in Fisecke.

AC. Is that all?

Mun. And becas he dūs not daddicat his Bouicke to wurthy Selecket Men, for theim to be the Pattroones of his Abuseis on the Minesteres, and seakered Scripters.

AC. Nothing else?

Mun. And becas he dus not imponefelly shay, that the best plāse to gat Grammar Larning, and larn the Rols of Selegesem, & stuide Sempeti & Anthepeti, & solse gescions & rigte tretes on Inokelacion is a Thobackociller.

AC. Do you hear, Sawny, your Brother says you are a Fool?

Sa. Ah! he can say any thing, and every Body knows his Tongue is no slander; he may say & write what he pleases, & no body will stoop so low as to answer him. But I suppose, he is come to ask my Interest, to promote him, to be a Master of a Writing School, and thinks this a good Specimen of his Capacity & Orthography.

AC. Well, I'll leave you to your selves for the present, and would have you call in a French Brother of your Faculty to your Assistance, and I fear you'll confirm an old and sad Satyr, *ubi duo Medici, ibi très Athēi*; And so Farewell,



Whereas since the DIALOGUE was in the Press, we have been favoured with a MS. in the *Mundungian Language*, and so have attain'd to greater Accuracy in it; we thought we could not fill up the vacant Pages, more to the Satisfaction of the ingenious Reader, than by annexing the following VOCABULARY.

Mundungian. English.

Acket	Act
alowebell	allowable
ascke	ask
aliuse	alive
aloude	allowed
apooſ	oppose
aqunt	account
bereler	bereft
bugerly	beggarly
baſtened	baſtinado'd
baged	begged
cidnys	kidneys
coleg	college
criſchens	chriſtians
ciping	keeping
deſes	difeaſe
deth	death
deſtiguche	distinguish
engleche	english
erthe	earth
efeckets	effects
exequen	execution
equeti	iniquity
efeigrrea	aſſyria
fouleche	fooliſh
fiſecke	phyſick
fairies	phariſees
fecicions	phyſicians
giuſe	give
Gore	Judge
haute	have

Mundungian. English.

Ingenes	Indians
imbafenger	ambaffador
infrocken	inſtruction
invenecions	inventions
jogment	judgment
inockelaten	inoculating
inglechments	engliſhments
louſe	love
liſven	living
liuſes	lives
mouſe	move
myine	mine
medefon	medicine
mought	might
mocke	much
negochat	negotiate
none	known
nw	knew
nom	name
obſtekell	obſtacle
ofght or ofte	ought
objecken	objection
prates	practice
paregrafet	paragraph
predegas	prejudices
queſcion	question
querck	quack
reſenes or reaſons	reaſons
riches	righteous
relegen	religion
riccsneſs	righteouſneſs

folfe	folye	therebel	terrible
sockefesful	ſucceſſful	thobacko	tobacco
faufed	ſaved	ting	thing
ſcoreſe	ſcores	vunity	unity
ſcakered	ſacred	whar	war
ſelecket men	ſelect men	wicke	which
ſmocken	ſmoaking	wipet	whipt
thailes	tails	wecke	week
thools	tools	wecke	weak
theche	teach	youſe	uſe
thytell	title	yers	cars
thoune	town		

THe *Author* of this *language* is one **MUNDUNGUS**; who tho' he moves in the dark, and ſmoaky Sphere of a *Tobacco-Cellar*, has a very *diffuſive* Light; and has lately bleſſed the whole Country, with two Superlatively excellent, and *matchleſſ* Treatiſes; in which we may venture to ſay, he hath ſet the Scriptures in a very *new* Light: and diſcovered a profound knowledge in the *Arts* and *Sciences*. This his *Language* is without controverſy very *nice* and curious: And we know none ſo proper to be declared, the *Universal Language*. And ſince he has ſo honoured this part of the World, as firſt to impart it to *us*; we humbly conceive, ſome public *marks* of Honour ought to be conferred upon him: and we propoſe, that he be preferred *Profeſſor* of it, among the *Sons of Harvard*; his *Language* be inrolled into the Number of the *learned Tongues*, and his *Manuſcript* be preſerved as a Valuable *Curiſity* in the *Library*; tho' two or three pages of it, we think ought to be exactly tranſcribed and ſent to *Petersburgh* as a *Key* to the 3 Volumes, lately carried there by the *Muſcovite Travellers*. And further, *whilher* he ſhould not be conſtituted *Cenſor* of the Age, and *Imprimator* of the Preſſe? And be deſired, to write a *Spelling-Book*, for the uſe of the *Schools* ſince he has rendered **STRONG** and **WATTS**, &c. altogether uſeleſs.

And ſince it is ſo *Rhetorical* and perſuaſive, we move that, he be the *Prolocutor* in all public Aſſemblies, and Associations of the *People*. And now, ſince we have entered his Praises, we can't paſs by his profound ſkill in *Logic*, particularly, in the Art of *Syllogiſing*. Surely, he ought to

be ordained *Moderator* of all disputes, controversies, and *publick Attts.* He is also very expert in *Physic* and *Medicine*, and can by two principles alone, i. e. *Semieti* and *Antheti* explain the most abstruse secrets of Nature; therefore we propose that an *Infirmariy* be erected for him, that so he may *Head* all the *Invalids* in the *Country*: the' probably the new Brick *Edifice* in the *Common*, may do for the present. He has also discover'd so great a knowledge in *Divinity* that we move he be elected **CONSCIENC-KEEPER-GENERAL** of the *Country*; and all Cases of difficulty be referred to him; and if any **MINISTER** shall meddle without his Liberty, it shall be deemed a going out of his line, and he shall be obliged to pay *fourfold* for the tarr'd Breeches. And whereas his Skill in *Politicks* is so very profound, as with one *single glance* to discover the Origin of all *State Differences*, &c. we move that, his *Bugget* be hung up in the *State House*, and consulted upon all difficult *Emergencies*.

F I N I S.

